

Latin Quarter, Swimming Against The Stream

They're growing pines now in cotton soil
Still making boxes for the sons of toil
Still bend your back to pick you food stamps up
Black coffee still comes in a tall white cup
They took the signs down but it's loud and it's clear
You want to eat? Well now, it can't be here

Tell me how long the train's been gone
Tell me again about the dream
Tell me the story of glory hallelujah
And how we're swimming against the stream

More talk of marching on Washington
It never really seems to get things done
Along the way we maybe make good friends
But they can't tell us where the rainbow ends
It's getting more now than just out of reach
And don't go looking down at Howard Beach

Montgomery and Selma - go ask Congress
25 years, change hasn't meant progress
In Chicago you live on the south or the west side
But just like the townships - try moving in outside